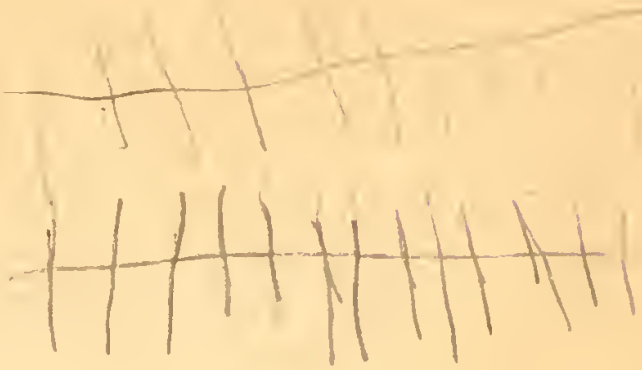
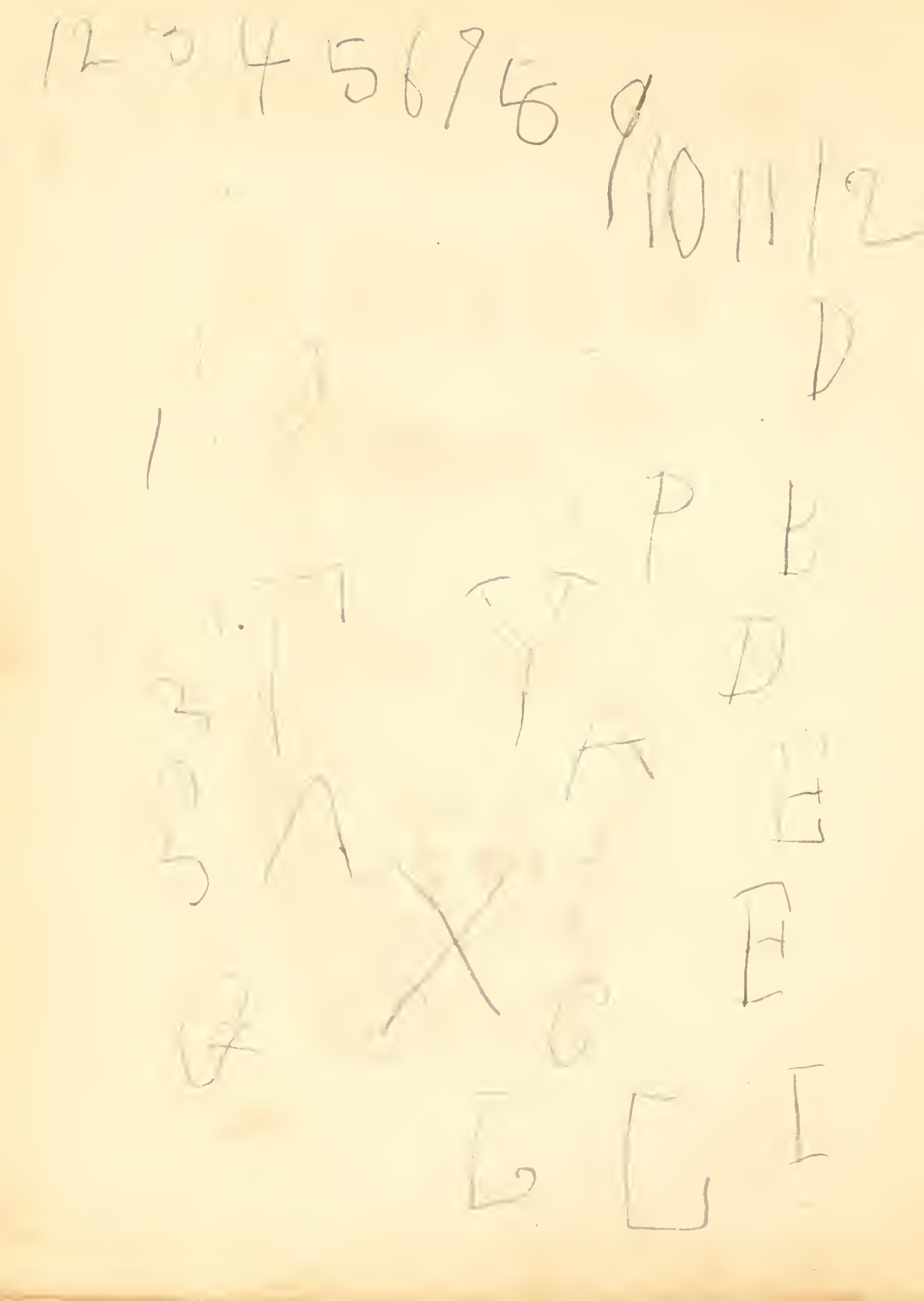
MOTHER PITCHER'S POEMS

PHILADELPHIA





Mother Pitcher's

POEMS

PHILADELPHIA:
FREDERICK LEYPOLDT.
NEW YORK: F. W. CHRISTERN.
1864.

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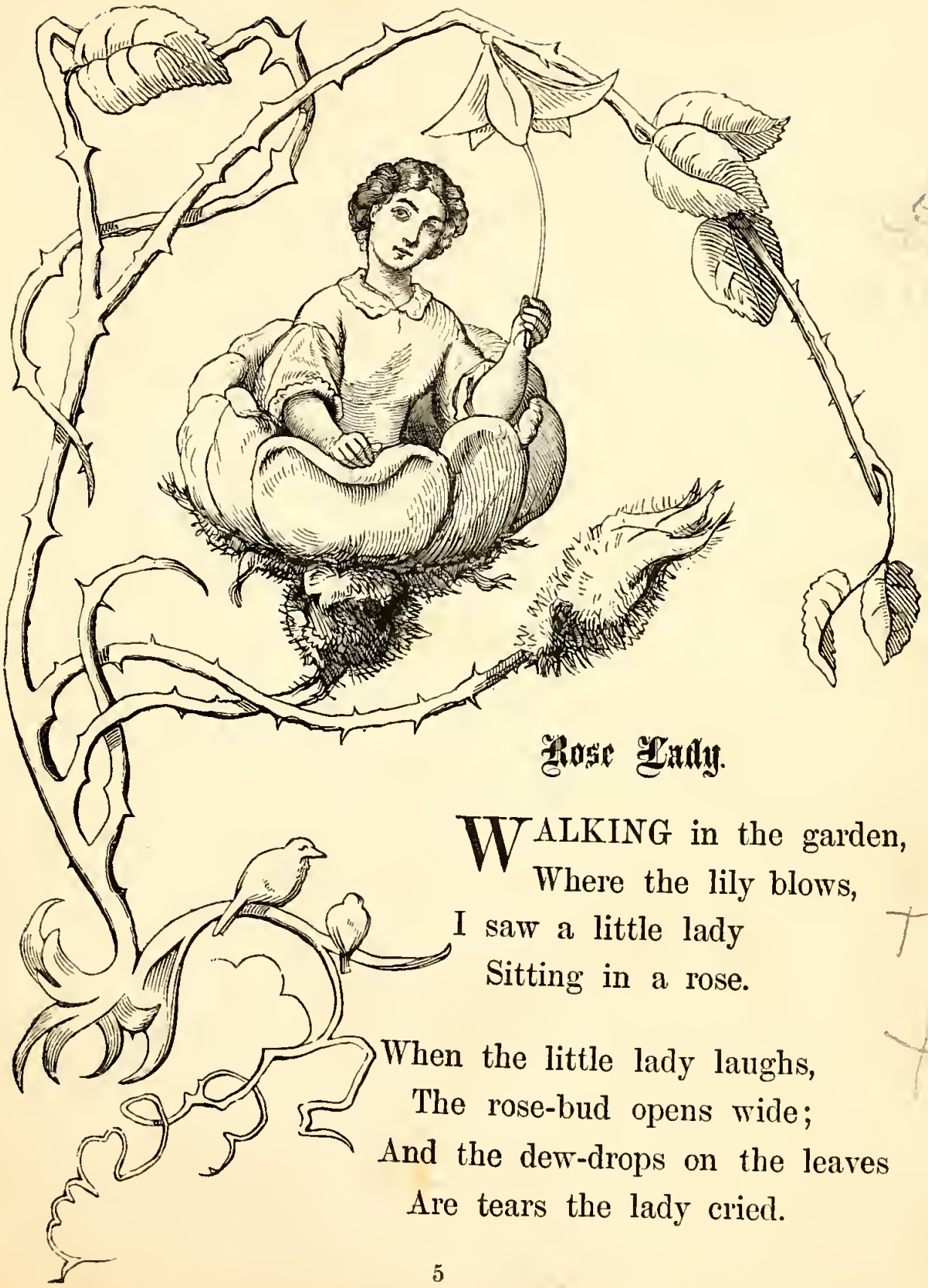
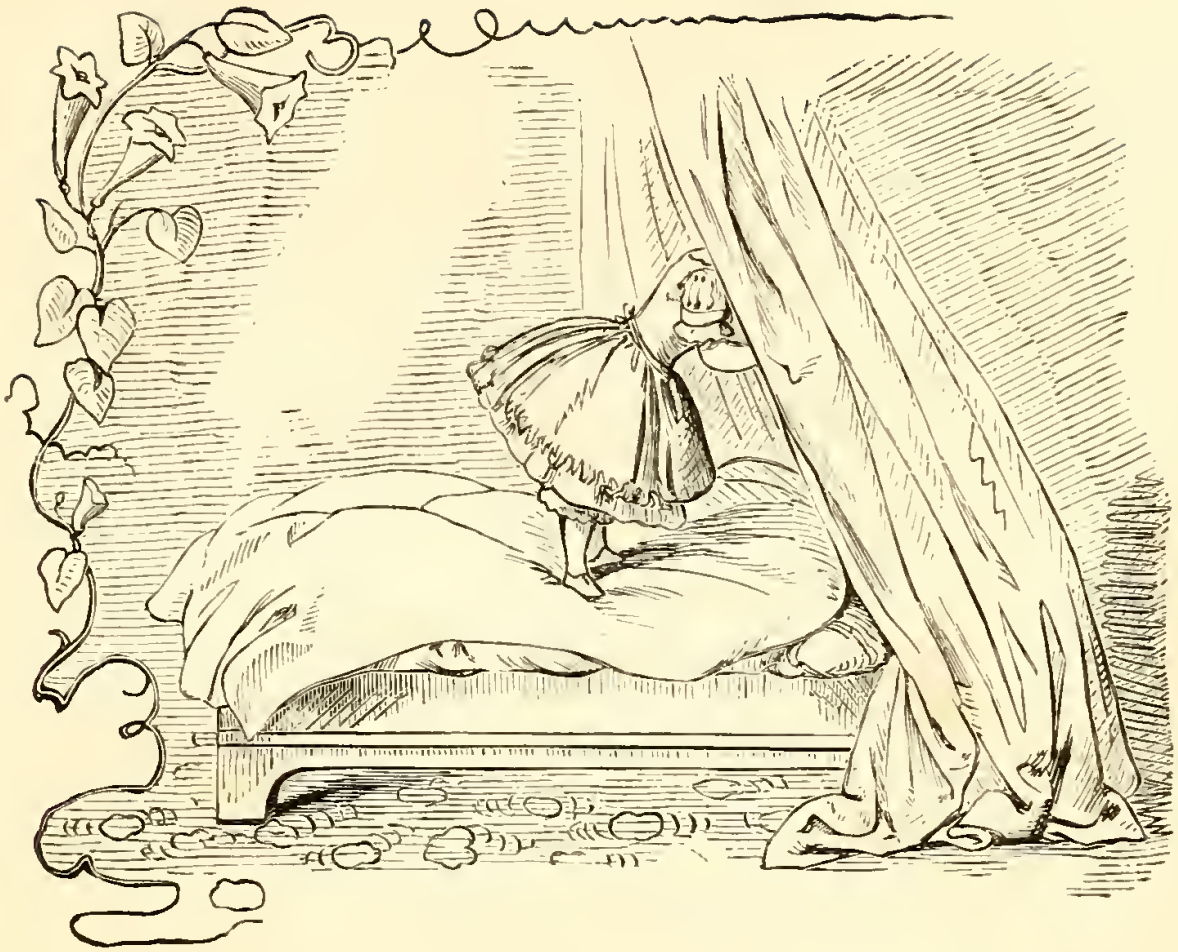


Rose Lady.

WALKING in the garden,
Where the lily blows,
I saw a little lady
Sitting in a rose.

When the little lady laughs,
The rose-bud opens wide;
And the dew-drops on the leaves
Are tears the lady cried.

And when the lady blushes,
  The rose-leaves all turn red;
But when the flower fades away,
  The little dame is dead.

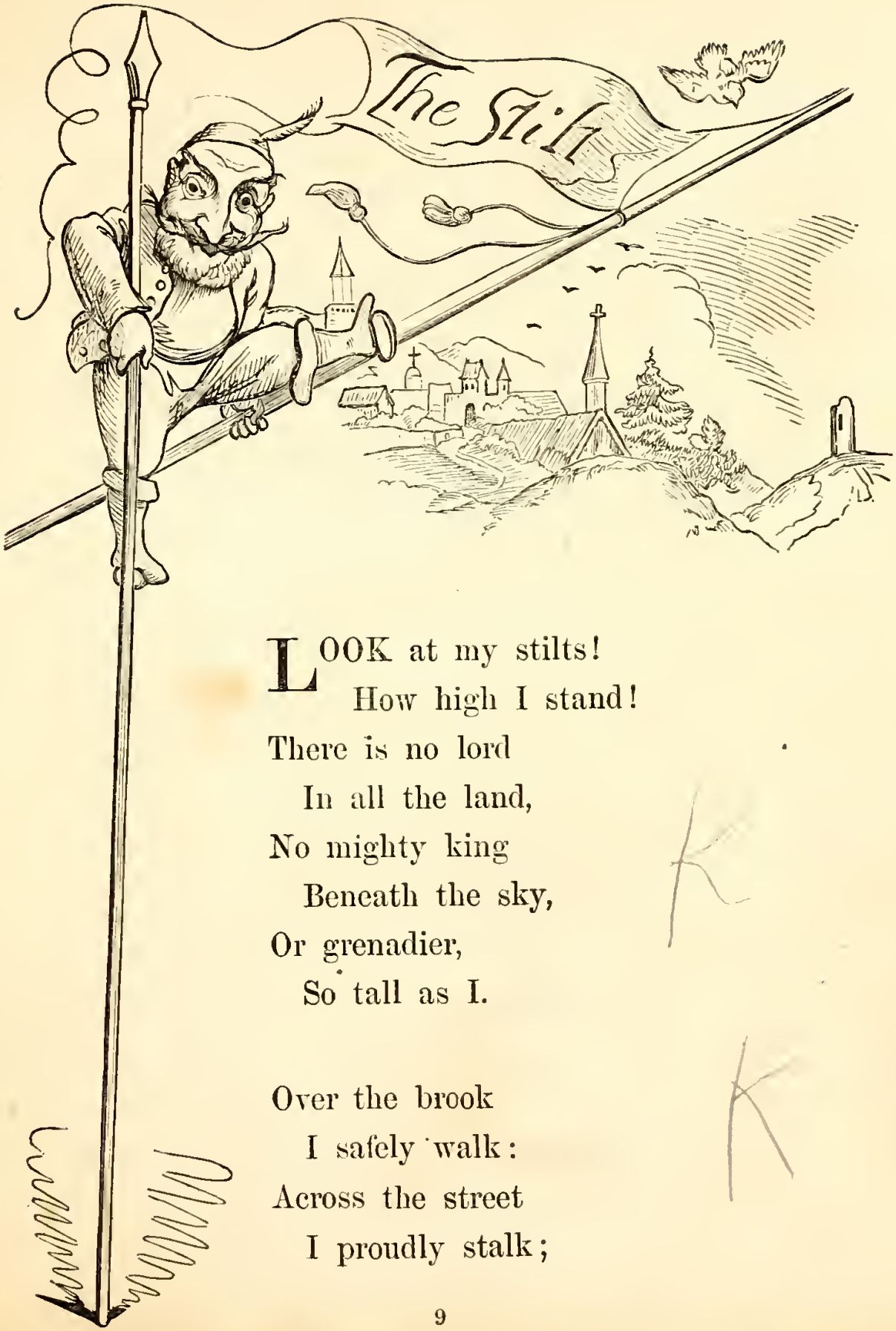


When a Child hides.

MERRILY, Maryly, Marigold Queen!
My pussy is hiding, and will not be seen:
She hides in the corner, she hides in the dark,
But when I have found her, she'll jump like a lark.
She hides in the bedclothes, she hides in the screen:
Merrily, Maryly, Marigold Queen!

Variety Loriety.

VARIETY Loriety
Came sliding down the roof;
Into the well
He plumped and fell,
With stockings water-proof.
But from that day,
As I've heard say,
He never rose again:
For in the pail
The lazy snail
Doth quietly remain.
And in the well
He means to dwell
Till summer comes again.



LOOK at my stilts!
How high I stand!
There is no lord
In all the land,
No mighty king
Beneath the sky,
Or grenadier,
So tall as I.

Over the brook
I safely walk:
Across the street
I proudly stalk;

And all the town
  Look up, and cry
That none are half
  So tall as I.

And if I fall,—
  As fall I may,
For all great men
  Must have their day,—
Ah, then, at least,
  You'll say, and sigh,
That none were *once*
  So tall as I.

The Fiddle and the Shoes.

I HAD a fiddle which lay on the shelf,—
A beautiful fiddle, which played of itself,—
Jinkety, junkety, crambo;
And silver shoes, with lining red,
Which walked in the morning to my bed,
With a rumpety, bumpety, slambo.

But early one morn, at break of day,
I found that my fiddle had walked away,—
Jinkety, junkety, crambo.
In the right-hand shoe my fiddle did go,
The left one carried my rosin and bow,
With a rumpety, bumpety, slambo.

The Rainbow.

IF sunlight shines while the shower falls,
The rainbow rises over the walls;
Violet, Indigo, Blue and Green,
Yellow, Orange and Red, are seen.

One end rises up in the air;
But where is the other end? Oh, where?
Where the rainbow touches the ground,
There a pot of money is found.

But the boy who never killed a frog,
Or threw a stone at a cat or dog,
Is the only one, as I have been told,
Who ever can find the rainbow-gold.

P.S.—Read the rainbow song once more,
Find seven words—not less or more—
Whose first letters spell out

V-I-B-G-Y-O-R.

Saturday night,
FIDGETY NERVOUSNESS perished of fright!
She was scared at a mouse which ran into a hole;
She screamed at a bug which she found in the bowl;
She yelled at a petticoat hung up to dry,
And swooned at a man with a gun going by;
She squalled at a spider which fell on her veil,
And cried at a hat and a coat on a nail.
A chestnut at roast, which went *pop* in the fire,
Alarmed her so much that she thought she'd expire:
The lightning at last drove her out of her wits,
To conniption convulsions and cranberry fits:

High-faluting hysterics then seized on her mind,
And the hickory spasms soon left her quite blind;
Her nerves were so stretched that they couldn't untune 'em,
And she died in a state of *E pluribus Unum!*
They sent for a doctor to stop the fit,
But he couldn't help her a single bit;
For before he arrived at her bedside,
With a dreadful squeal, Miss Fidgety died.
So they buried her under an aspen-tree;
And its leaves keep trembling, as all may see,
Shaking and shivering, by night and by day,
Till the winter comes and they're frozen away.

Over the River.

OVER the river and down the hill,
Where grass and flowers are growing,
Over the meadow I'll chase you still,
To where the boys are mowing.

Over the meadow Miss CLARITY ran,
And over the rock she stumbled;
And down she went, like a rolling pan,
Till into the brook she tumbled.

And down the river Miss Clarity flew,
And over the cataract after;
And out she paddled, wet through and through,
But still couldn't speak for laughter.

They laid her to dry on the new-mown hay,
And, while she lay there sunning,
She said she would race for a penny a day,
And beat us all round at running.

The Donkey.

THE donkey went to the pigeon's ball;
Next day he made a morning call:
He sent up a green leaf for a card,
By a pigeon housemaid in the yard.

"Sir," said the maid, "I'm sorry to say,
My lady don't receive to-day:
But if she had known that you would come,
I am very sure she'd be at home."

The Great Singer.

YOU really ought to hear me sing:
I don't believe you ever,
In all your life, heard any thing
Which sounded half so clever.

My voice would make a lover run
From her he most adored:
It sounds just like a carpenter
When sawing at a board.

Whene'er I raise my voice in song,
It reaches to the eaves;
And when I try the fancy notes,
The peach-trees shed their leaves.

The style I have is quite my own;
I cannot rivalled be:
There is no man in all the land
Who sings a bit like me.

Then, children all, both great and small,
Attend to what I say;
And if you're good, I will not sing
Until you've gone away!

RACKETY, crackety, kettles and crumbs!
Save up your pence till a holiday comes!
Save up your pence till you go to the fair,
And buy me a bodkin to twist in my hair:
Save up your pence till a pedlar comes by,
And get me a brooch, or I'll whimper and cry:
Get me a dolly, and get me a top,
Get me a ball, or I'll cry and I'll hop;
Get me a dog, which goes bow-wow, and bark;
Get me a beautiful red Noah's ark,—
Soldiers and bayonets, trumpets and drums.
Rackety, crackety, kettles and crumbs!

Spring.

OUT in the meadow a blackbird doth sing;
Over the houses I hear his voice ring:
Come to me, children, I've brought you the Spring!
Flowers for the mother and children I bring,
A butterfly, too, with a beautiful wing;
Grass o'er the meadow and mountain I fling:
Come to me, children, I've brought you the Spring!

The Toads.

VER the forest and far away,
Where the hills are green and the rocks are gray,
There's a place, which only the fairies know,
Where once a year the toads all go.

And there they are changed to ladies fair,
With great black eyes and curly hair,
And have fawn-skin dresses, and feather rings,
And wampum beads, and beautiful things.

There they dance, and there they play,
Where the hills are green and the rocks are gray;
But it only lasts till there falls a rain,
And they all are turned into toads again.

Burra Glone.

URRA GLONE! burra glone!
My wife's away, and I'm alone.
The swallows down the chimney flew,
And scattered the pots and pans;
The little black cat danced on the floor,
And her eyes looked like a man's.

Burra glone! burra glone!
I've lost my darlings every one,—
The rat, the cat, the dog, the bat,
And the wolf who stole my tongs,
The owl who came with her eyes aflame,
And the crow, with his midnight songs.

When a Child is too inquisitive.

ES—Wherefore?"

"Why—Therefore!"

"And wherefore, then, therefore?"

"Round the crook,
Says my book:
Wherefore, then, around the crook?
Tell me quick:
I cannot wait!"

"Why—because it is not straight."

King Orian.

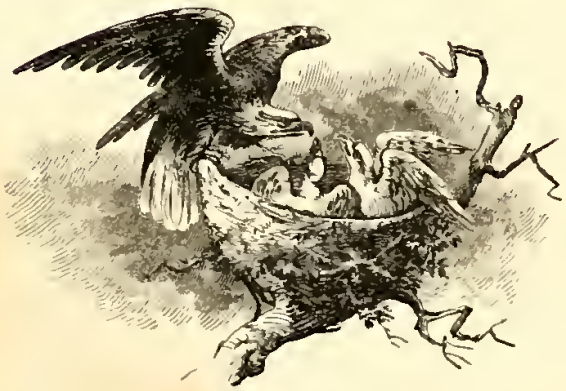
ON a roaring wild bull King Orian rides,
And spurs with a dagger his tawny sides;
The wild north wind is his friend so true,
And over the mountain King Orian flew.

He rode to the east, and he rode to the west,
Till he found a boy in an eagle's nest;
And over the water, and over the foam,
King Orian rode, with the wild-boy, home.

King Orian lives in the sunset red,
And the lightning's sheet is his royal bed:
Into his long beard the wild boy crept,
And safely the king and the wild boy slept.

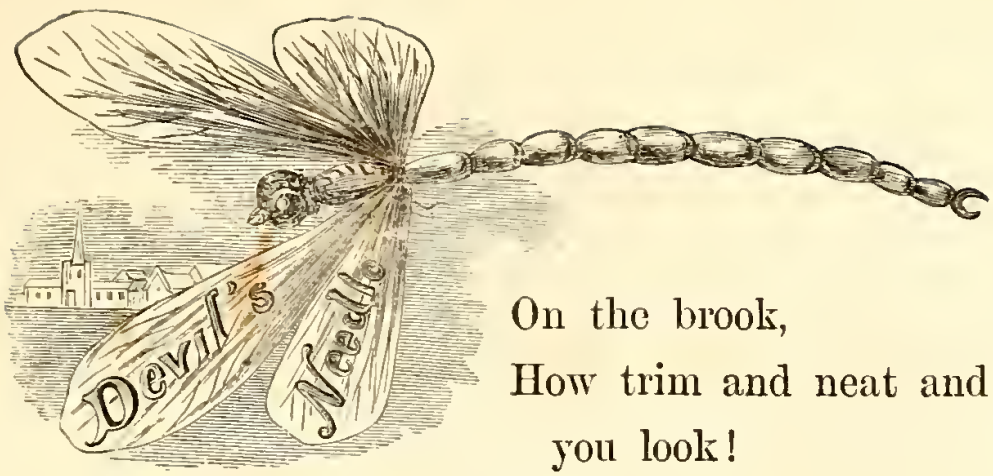
A falling star is King Orian's sword,
And deep in the mountain his gold is stored;
And when night comes on, and the clouds go by,
He roars with the boy on the mountain high.

So listen, my children, when winter comes,
And hear in the tempest King Orian's drums;
And when storm and the winds are beating high,
The king and his wild boy are riding by.



I'm Going Away.

I'M going this winter to France and to Spain,
But my baby will see me next winter again:
She'll watch at the window, she'll watch at the door,
Till she hears my feet treading without on the floor;
And then, when I hold her again in my arm,
I'll pet her, and nurse her, and fold her so warm;
I'll bring her fine presents from over the sea,
And I'll love her, and kiss her, and she shall kiss me.



On the brook,
How trim and neat and nice
you look!
"Well may I be fair to see,
For my love has come to dance with me."
"How can you dance?"
"On our wings so strong,
Over the trees, all summer long,
She darts and dances high and low,
And after her like the wind I go.
There is music for our dancing wings
Where the locust pipes and the tree-toad sings;
And one with his wife in the dogwood-tree
Cries Katy-Did and Didn't to me."
"Devil's Needle! What do you eat?"
"The insects that hurt you are my meat;
For though I never bite nor sting,
I catch musquitoes on the wing,
And gallinippers in the Spring.
So let me fly about the farm,
And I'll never do you any harm."

Going out in the Rain.

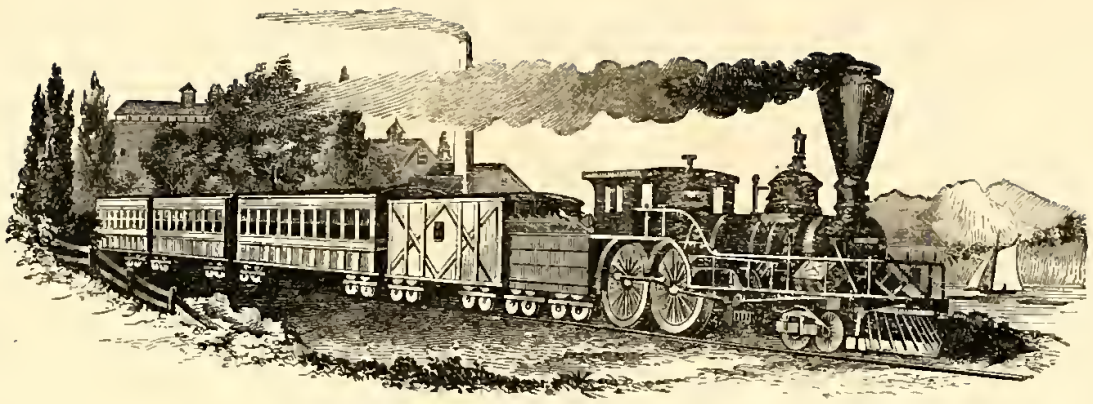
THERE was once a little boy
Went out to walk in the rain;
He wandered far away,
And never came home again.

He went up into the clouds,—
He cannot get away;
And so he goes floating on,
For there he has to stay.

He runs about in the clouds,
In all the mist and foam,
And sometimes over the edge
He looks down at his dear old home.

There his mother sits and cries;
There his aunt is full of fears;
And his father always sighs;
While even the cat's in tears.

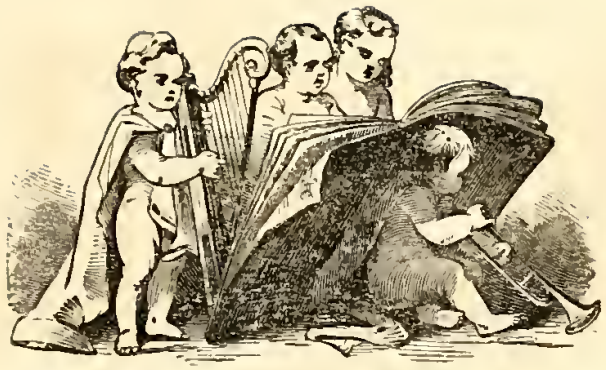
Their heads with grief they bow
Whenever they see it rain;
And pussy-cat cries, "*Mee-ow!*
He'll never come back again!"



The Locomotive.

HOW does the locomotive go?
Whish!
Whusch!
Whee!
Ah!
Ho!
So does the locomotive go!

How does the locomotive stop?
Skree-e-e-e!
Scraw-w-w!
Bump-ity—
BOPP!
So does the locomotive stop!



Child's Concert.

"LITTLEMAN Kittleman, what can you do?"
"I can play on my drum for you."
Rum bum bum, so goes the drum.
(*Here one child imitates the drum.*)

"Littleman Kittleman, what can you do?"
"I can play on the flute for you."
Rum bum bum, so goes the drum:
Root a toot toot, so goes the flute.
(*Here another child imitates the flute.*)

"Littleman Kittleman, what can you do?"
"I can play on my fiddle for you."
Ding ding diddle, so goes the fiddle;
Root a toot toot, so goes the flute;
Rum bum bum, so goes the drum.

"Littleman Kittleman, what can you do?"
"I can play the guitar for you."
Tangle-y tar, goes the guitar;
Ding a diddle, so goes the fiddle;
Root a toot toot, so goes the flute;
Rum bum bum, so goes the drum.

"Littleman Kittleman, what can you do?"
"I can play on my horn for you."
Cornery corn, so goes the horn;
Tangle-y tar, goes the guitar;
Root a toot toot, so goes the flute;
Ding a diddle, so goes the fiddle;
Rum bum bum, so goes the drum.

"Littleman Kittleman, what can you do?"
"I can play on my harp for you."
Wangle-y warp, so goes the harp;
Cornery corn, so goes the horn;
Tangle-y tar, goes the guitar;
Root a toot toot, so goes the flute;
Ding a diddle, so goes the fiddle;
Rum bum bum, so goes the drum.

"Littleman Kittleman, what can you do?"
"I can play the bassoon for you."
Goon goon goon, goes the bassoon;

Wangle-y warp, so goes the harp;
Cornery corn, so goes the horn;
Tangle-y tar, goes the guitar;
Root a toot toot, so goes the flute;
Ding a diddle, so goes the fiddle;
Rum bum bum, so goes the drum.

And so they go on till they hear Mother come!

35

The Rose-Bush.

I HAD a little rose-bush,
  Which grew beside my bed;
It used to talk of summer,
  And pretty things it said.
And when I woke at midnight,
  I heard a lovely strain:
It was my rose-bush singing,
  Until I slept again.

There came two little rose-buds,
  And then my talks were o'er:
Good-bye, my pretty rose-bush!
  It speaks to me no more.
Two buds upon the branches,—
  Two leaves upon the stem:
To *me* the bush is silent,
  And only sings to them.

SNAKE in the garden!
"*Hiss!*" said she:
"*Hiss!* for shame!
Stop pelting me!
For every stone
You throw at a snake,
Sooner or later
Your head will ache.

"But call me 'Lady!'
When I pass by,
I'll bless you wet,
And I'll bless you dry.
For every time
You spare a snake,
You'll find some money,
And no mistake."

OH, get me a bonnet, a bonnet of milk,
And cook me a supper of velvet and silk;
With pen, ink, and paper, go make a fire good,
And I'll write you a letter on coal and with wood.

How I love to see children with cheeks black as sloes,
And their shoes nicely washed, looking red as a rose;
Dressed up in their lessons, when going to school,
With their shawls and their tippets all learned to a rule!

The Fish-Fortune.

WHEN you're by the river,
If you see a fish
Jumping from the water,
You should make a wish.

And if you can speak it
Before he's out of sight,
The wish will all be granted
That very day or night.

The Star.

IF you will take a looking-glass,
And hold it to a star,
And look upon it at the light
Which comes from heaven afar,

While you are looking in the glass,
If never a word you speak,
An angel will come down from heaven
And kiss you on the cheek.

The Fairy Lady.

HERE came a lady down the hill,
Across the field, and by the mill.
In Spring, when flowers are blowing,
She sought for children good and young,
And, as she went, she said and sung,
"I hear the river flowing."

Her dress is all of velvet green;
She wears a crown like any queen;
In Spring, when flowers are blowing,
She bears a bag of diamond rings,
And dolls and toys and costly things,
And hears the river flowing.

Whene'er she finds a little child
Lost in the forest dark and wild,
In Spring, when flowers are blowing,
She takes the darling by the hand,
And carries it off to Fairy-Land,
To hear the river flowing.

Butterfly Luck.

IF a butterfly sit on your hand,
You'll be the loveliest in the land.

If a butterfly sit on your head,
A handsome man (girl) you're sure to wed.

If a butterfly sit on your arm,
No one will ever wish you harm.

If a butterfly sit on your thumb,
Good luck is coming, or soon will come.

If a butterfly sit on your wrist,
A pretty girl waits, and wants to be kissed.

If a butterfly touch you with its wing,
It's a sign you will wear a diamond ring.

If a butterfly sit on your hat,
You will have a gift, and a fine one at that.

If a butterfly sit on a post,
It's a sign that you never will see a ghost.

But if you harm a butterfly,
As a wretched old beggar you will die.

Fairy Charms.

IF you find an Indian arrow-head,
And take it with you at night to bed,
A lady will come to you in a dream,
And fly with you to a rolling stream,
And row you, over the water blue,
To Plum-Tree Land, in a stone canoe.

If a moccasin you put
Of different color on either foot,
And all alone to the hills you go,
And say to the trees, "*Amanito!*"
Within that very day and year
You will catch the snow-white fairy deer.

Fairies at Marbles.

FAIRIES play at marbles:
When the moon is bright,
You may see them rolling
All the summer night.

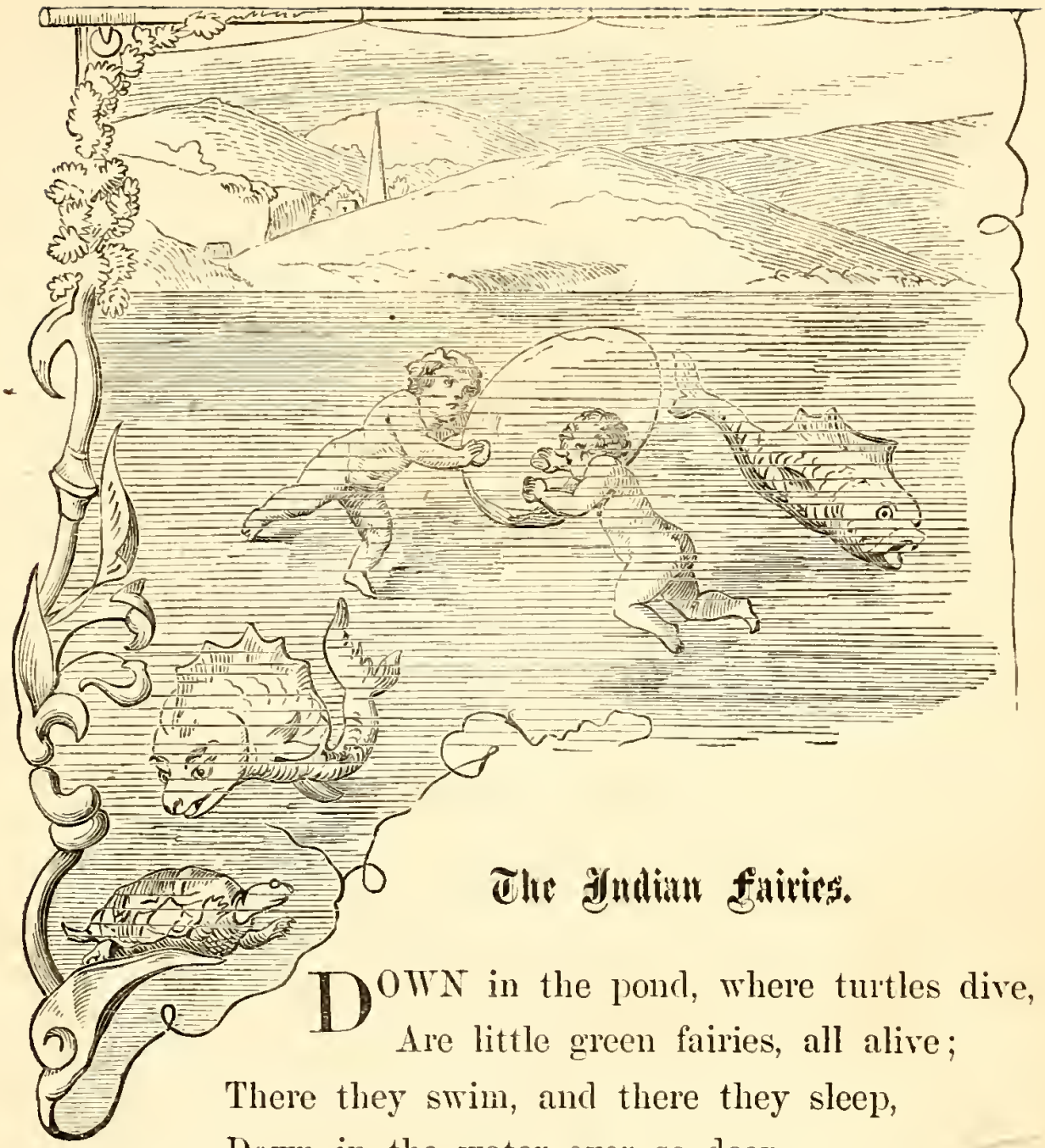
When the wood is quiet,
They blow the fairy horn;
With little green peas for marbles,
They play among the corn.

When you find a pea-pod
On the vine, all bare,
With the little marbles gone,
The fairies have been there.

The Tupelo-Tree.

THE tupelo-tree, the tupelo-tree!
Who was it sat on the tupelo-tree?
The Mohawk fly and the Seneca bee,
Smoking a pipe on the tupelo-tree.

The tupelo-tree, the tupelo-tree!
Who had a dance on the tupelo-tree?
The Mohawk fly and the Seneca bee,
With wampum and moccasins fine to see,
And bells which went jingley jingley jee,
Had a green-corn dance on the tupelo-tree.



The Indian Fairies.

DOWN in the pond, where turtles dive,
Are little green fairies, all alive;
There they swim, and there they sleep,
Down in the water ever so deep.

There never were people half so neat;
They scrub the rocks with hands and feet;
They polish the stones wherever they're found;
And that's what makes the pebbles so round.

And when you walk by the water bright,
And find a pebble round and white,
You may see for yourself what the fairies do,
Who placed it there as a present for you.

WHEN the day is airy, and dust is in your eyes,
Then the Indian fairy *Pau-puck-kee-wis* flies,
Hurling, whirling, curling, twirling,
Puffing, snuffing, fluffing, stuffing
Dust into your eyes.

Where the snow is flurrying, Pau-puck-kee-wis spins;
Skurrying and worrying, all his work begins;
Spluttering, fluttering, cluttering, puttering,
Bustling, hustling, justling, rustling,
Round the snow he spins.

Where the smoke is rising, Pau-puck-kee-wis spreads;
All the world despising, he goes above their heads;
Blowing, flowing, growing, going,
Shading, fading, masquerading,
In the smoke he spreads.

Where the river's falling, Pau-puck-kee-wis gleams;
In its noisy brawling, in its flashing beams;
Thumping, bumping, plumping, jumping,
Flashing, dashing, crashing, plashing,
In the leaping streams.

Where the pines are moaning with one long old Huron word,
All the summer droning, when by breezes stirred,
Humming, drumming, softly strumming,
With a murmured, muttering thrumming,
Like a storm forever coming,
Is the Indian fairy heard.

The Indian Squaw.

INDIAN squaw goes up and down,
Selling baskets, through the town:
A little brown boy runs by her side,
And a little pappoose to her back is tied.

The Indian squaw wears blankets blue,
With a moccasin instead of a shoe,
Worked with quills in white and red,
And has a hat upon her head.

If mamma had been an Indian squaw,
She'd have worn a hat just like papa,
And carried baskets up and down,
And my face would have been all Indian brown.

Slan Whan.

SLAN WHAN the Chinaman
Kept a school in Yan-ski-an;
The scholars sat upon the ground,
And learned their letters upside down:
Yatshery, patshery, snap and sneeze,
That is the way to read Chinese.

Slan Whan, when they made a noise,
With the end of his pig-tail whipped the boys.
This was a thousand years ago,
In the time of the good old Emperor SLO.
Peace to the ashes of Slan-a-Whan,
He is dead and buried in Yan-ski-an.

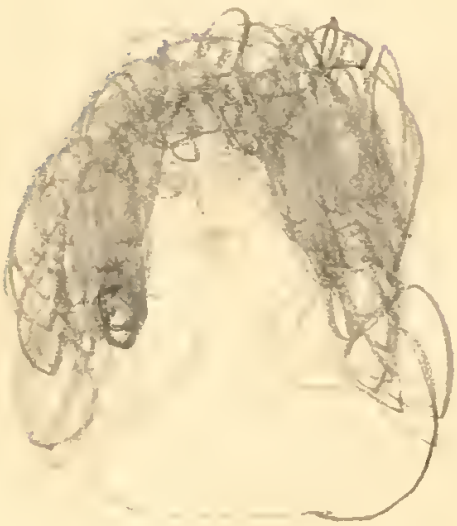
Ping-Wing.

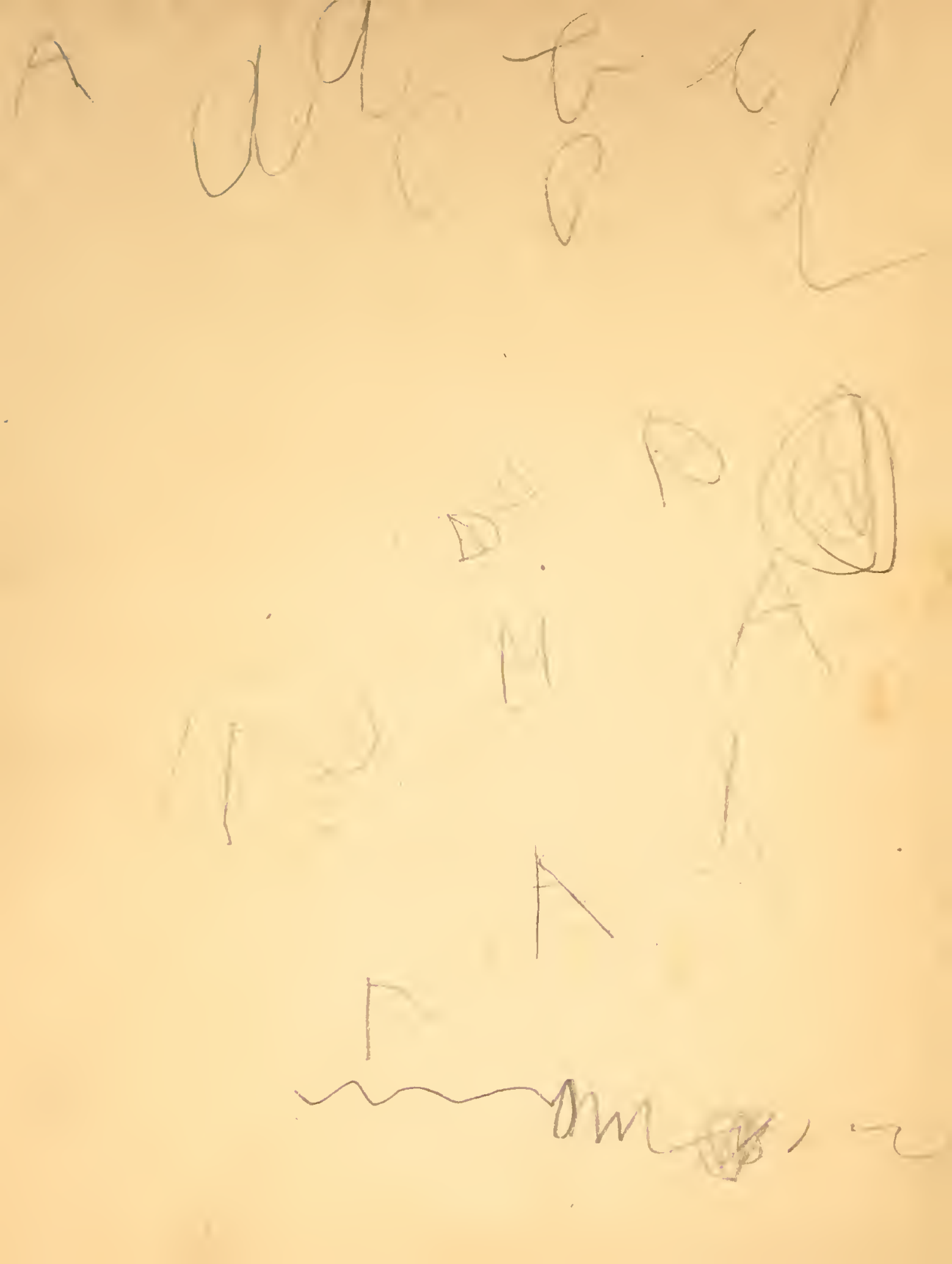
PING-WING, the pie-man's son,
Was the very worst boy in all Kan-tun:
He stole his mother's pickled mice,
And threw the cat in the boiling rice,
Then ate her up. "And now," said he,
"Me wonder where him *mee-ow* cat be!"

Ping-wing looked out for fun,
And found two men asleep in the sun,—
Fast asleep in sultry weather:
So he tied their pig-tails tight together,
Then beat a gong, and hallooed, "*Run!*"
This wild, insatiate pie-man's son!

They jumped to run, with open mouth,—
One to the north, one to the south,—
And their pig-tails drew in a straightened string,
Which was fun for the singular, sinful Ping:
So on he jumped, and around he spun,
This acrobatical pie-man's son!

Edith Darlington





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